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“The Guard on the Rhine,”

A MILITARY ALLEGORY

OF THE

German-Franco War,

—IN—

FIVE ACTS AND SIX TABLEAUX;

MUSIC, MARCHES, &C.,

BY JOHN W. HILL.

DAYTON, O:
Reynolds' Job Printing House.

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C A S T .

KING WILLIAM.

NAPOLEON.

BENEDETTI.

HERMAN.—Afterward the soldier.

COUNT DE MORNY.—An officer of the Imperial Army.

JONES JENKINS.—Correspondent London Times.

Page to the Grand Hotel at Ems.

M I L I T A R Y .

General Von Roon.

General Von Der Tann.

Judge Advocate.

Keeper of the Prison.

Captain of the firing Squad.

Aid to the King.

Aid to General Von Steinmetz.

Dying Soldier.

F R E N C H .

Marshal McMahon.

Staff to “ “

Captain Murlein.

Pierre and Victor, a pair of turbulent Turcos.

L A D I E S .

LOUISE VARNEY.—Afterward Vivandiere.

A L L E G O R I C A L .

Bavaria, Wurtenburg, Baden, Saxony, H. Darmstadt.

General Von Steinmetz.

Bismarck.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mars, Gladiator, Hercules.

COSTUMES.

KING.—1st, Citizen; 2d, full military.

HERMAN.—1st, Citizen; 2d, Prussian of the line; 3d, Rough Peasant; 4th, Prussian of the line; 5th, undress.

COUNT—1st, Citizen; 2d, French officer.

JONES.—1st, Fancy Citizen; 2d, English Hunting; 3d, seedy.

BENEDETTI.—Citizen.

LOUISE.—1st, Morning; 2d, Vivandier; 3d, dark.

STATES.—Sash of the colors of Germany.

Officers and Soldiers of both armies after regulations.

The Guard on the Rhine, Wreath and dark fly.

“THE GUARD ON THE RHINE.”

A C T I.

SCENE FIRST.—Ordinary of hotel at Ems. Herman discovered at table “R” writing. Page waiting at rear of table.

Herman.—Yes, that will do (reading) “Dear Louise, I arrived at two P. M.; if convenient will meet you in the Salon at four. Yours, Herman.” (to Page) Here little fellow is a thaler; you carry this note to Miss Varney’s room.

Page.—Yes, sir, Thank you, (goes up “C” meets the Count who seizes note page is carrying for Herman, and gives him another, resembling it in exterior; also addressed to Miss Varney. Page supposing it to be the same, Herman gave him exits. R. U. E. Count read note. U. L. C.)

Herman.—All works well; now for a change of raiment, and than for my Louise. How boyish I feel, and yet sometimes I think that all my joy may be suddenly blasted, and all her love for me converted into hate.

Count.—(Who has come down unknown to Herman) It is possible that it may.

Count.—(springing up) Evesdropper, hey! Why, my old friend the Count, how came you here?

Count.—I am here as an attache of the Count Benedetti. But you were speaking of a lady when I came in.

Herman.—Was I, Oh, yes. A very fine lady withal.

Count.—May I ask who she was?

Herman.—Mamselle Varney, an English woman.

Count.—Varney, indeed! ha! ha! a siren.

Herman.—What!

Count.—A siren, by all that’s holy.

Herman.—How do you know that, Count.

Count.—Tis a secret dear Herman, and they who hold deep secrets, seldom divulge them. He who learns the art of trickery should also learn the art of concealment, I confess that I have learned them both. My occupation in Ems is not alone to eat, drink and sleep, hence I have other things to claim my attention. I am a student, and my

study dear Herman, is woman, I have met the lady frequently of whom you speak, she is beautiful, I confess; yet beneath that beautiful exterior there lies a quality so subtle—a power so irresistible that it does not surprise me to hear that you have fallen in love with her.

Herman.—[Aside] Confound this man, if I listen to him he will contaminate my affection for Louise, and yet I cannot drive him off until I have learned more from him. I'll question him further. Count I do not yet understand you; give me some proof that Miss Varney is a coquette, convince me of her infidelity, and I will leave Ems to-night.

Count.—My dear Herman, why should I provoke you to leave our fashionable watering place whence you have but come this day—nay this very afternoon—I desire you to remain to pursue with me the study of woman.

Herman.—Do not garble to me Count, I wish to hear you vindicate yourself.

Count.—Vindicate myself, my dear Herman!

Herman.—Aye, defend yourself; you have branded with a mark of infamy a fair friend of mine, nay, more; one whom I dearly love; she in whose keeping I dare trust my very thoughts; and I, with due respect for your title and position, demand of you an explanation.

Count.—Forthcoming, dear Herman, perhaps it is only necessary for me to say that this lady has coquetted with more than fourteen men.

Herman.—Fourteen? impossible sir! Yet, what matters that? Am I not her affianced?

Count.—And so am I.

Herman.—You?

Count.—Dear Herman, it is as I tell you.

Herman.—Malediction! Confound you Count, you have wounded my honor! I shall demand a pass at you. You handle the rapier, so do I. You shall cross with me sir. I love your friendship, Count, yet I love my good name more.

Count.—Easy, my dear Herman; calm yourself; listen to my admonition. Your suit for favor with the fair Varney is in vain. She does not love you. Stuff; women seldom love men! You are rich, young, and generous, and make sufficient answer for her present purpose, but does she love you? Stuff; that is not to be considered. Now, listen—

Herman.—I care not to listen more. Adieu, fair sir, until I have more than visionary evidence. I'll not condemn her. Adieu.

“Passes up to L. U. E., turns to look out window ca. elysely.”

Count.—My dear Herman, you shall have abundant evidence of your faithful's infidelity.

Herman turns and looks at the Count without replying. Count passes out R. U. E., eyeing Herman with a smile of triumph.

Herman.—[Coming down.] Curse this insinuating Frenchman.

I believe him not, and yet his words have stung me deep. Why did I meet him? Why did I listen to him? Confound his familiarity. I will not believe him, and yet I feel that ill is near at hand. Confusion! There was a time when I could paint a scene so fine that naught could live twixt it and heaven; but now all is but a barren blank. Still, I can but wait and trust her. Then I shall know all.

Passes up "C," meets Jones Jenkins with carpet-bag, traveling coat, &c

Jones—Hallo Herman, old fellow, at Ens, hey. What do you here?

Herman.—My college mate, Jones; how happy I am to meet you here—to see your friendly face! But what do you here at the watering place?

Jones.—Oh, I am special correspondent of the London *Times*. Come here to report things in general, especially the war.

Herman.—The war?

Jones.—Of course, the European war—the grand event of the age. The *chef de ourre* of the times.

Herman.—Premature, Jones, as of old. The European horizon is clouded, yet I do not imagine that we will be visited with a conflict.

Jones.—Behind the times, Herman. A war is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the universe.

Herman.—A paradox! A man must die in order to live.

Jones.—Nothing of the kind, Herman. But what is the matter with you? Let me look at you. (Adjusts eye-glasses. Music.) In love, by Jove! Don't deny it; it's useless. No man ever looks as you do unless he be in love. By the way, who is the fair one?

Herman.—Premature again.

Jones.—Not so, Herman. Who is she? English, French, German, Dane, Italian, Turk, Swede, Irish, or what?

Herman.—Stay, I shall honor you with an introduction if you will promise to say no more.

Jones.—I'll promise anything, to meet a pair of eyes that could conquer Herman.

Herman.—Come, I wish to make a toilet.

Jones.—And so do I.

Exit, L. U. E. Enter Count Center coming R. U. C., looking after the pair.

Count.—What an attenuated fabric the fool follows. He thinks that the Varney loves him. Perhaps, she does. The poor jade drinks in my statement as though all were facts. He forgets how, when I did ask him, scarce three months ago, for the paltry loan of a thousand francs, and how he refused. He forgets of how he condemned my seeming poverty as a thing beggarly to look upon. Though memory fail in him, it does not in me, and in return for his kindness upon that occasion, I will crush this troth of his as though

it were a lath dagger. (Song of Louise, R.) Hark, she comes. Now, to drop a shell in her camp.

Enter Louise, "C.," dressed rich in light costume.

Louise.--Why, Count, you here?

Count. Dear lady, ever faithful to my promise.

Louise. Would that all men were so.

Count. And are they not?

Louise. I fear not.

Count. You ladies are always disposed to misjudge the men.

Louise. Nay Count, not always; but your note, Count I received a few minutes since. Anything important in hand?

Count. Allow yourself to be seated on the divan, and then to divulge.

Louise. [Novel reading.] A secret most profound, no doubt.

Count. [Seating himself by Louise.] Now, song bird, you said that all men were not faithful to their trust. Now, I will tell you of one whom I conceive to be one of the most unfaithful. You are familiar, I believe, with one whom well I know. (Louise starts perceptibly.) I will not mention names, for fear I trespass on forbidden ground. To be brief--this young man, of whom I speak, does boast of no less than ten successive conquests, and boldly tells me of the last fair victim; and the last, though I fain would not speak of it, is none other than yourself.

Louise. [Aside, slightly agitated.] It is not so. Herman has never yet deceived me; I'll not believe it so. I will tell you, Count, that he of whom you speak I know well; aye, better than I know myself; and as the sun is steadfast in his promise to this puny sphere, so is Herman true to the love he has created.

Count. Ah, ha! Herman? Did I say it was he?

Louise. Will you swear it was not he?

Count. [In mock agony.] Fair lady, it pains me much to tell you so; to say to you that he whom I regard as a dear friend of mine, is false unto his promise—is guilty.

Louise. [Rising passes to C.] Stay, I do not wish to hear more; he may be guilty of much, yet you, you Frenchmen, are infinitely guilty of more, to tell me of a base deception, and stifle me with a fabric so feeble that a sunbeam would have but poor work in melting it away. Fie on you, Count, you do not know him of whom you speak, or you would not dare to cast him down with a trifling speech. Adieu, and tremble lest I tell Herman of his friend's perfidy.

Count. [Aside.] Malediction! This won't do to let her meet her lover, to breathe to him invectives against myself. No, no, fair Varney; one word in my haste to breach the stronghold, I have overleaped myself, and my ardor in painting Herman's fickleness was only, believe me, to make a pathway for myself. [Kneels "L. C."] It is I, sweet Varney, who truly loves you, loves you as only a French-

man can love ; and could I but feel that there did live in your fair breast but one faint spark of love for me, then would I—

Louise. Die happy, no doubt.

Count. Nay, fair one, do not scoff me.

Louise. Oh, Count, get up ; you are no lover. You rehearse your part too badly. Adieu.

Count. [Following.] Stay ; then give me but time to ask a pardon.

Louise. Forgiveness ? Oh ! for your most gross offense against Herman and myself ?

Count. Forgiveness, fair Varney, for trespass, not offense ; for I do swear that all my statements are but simple facts, told in my plain way, with fair intent for good effect ; yet, I do see, that in my honest effort, I have failed, and now I crave your pardon ; not as a criminal, but as one whom haste has made him inadvertent.

Louise C. You have my pardon, Frenchman, yet I shall exact of you a promise that you will leave me, for I like you not ; that Ems shall be to you a place of early departure.

Count L. That I cannot do, fair Varney ; to leave Ems at this time would be to forsake my Imperial commission.

Louise. Better lose a thousand commissions than make yourself a thing to be despised. Yet, since you cannot go, I leave you to your pleasure. Adieu.

Count. And may I not ask, since it is more than probable that we may never meet again, (takes hand of Louise) one kiss to be imprinted by myself on this fair hand.

Louise. Take care you do not soil it, Frenchman.

Enter Herman, followed by Jones, "C. D" Herman seizes the Count and throws him around to "R." Jones takes position, U. R., behind chair.

Herman. "C." Ah, ha, Count, rather an abrupt termination to your amour. And this is how I find my lady and her oracle. I regret sincerely, friends, that I caused any delay in the completion of your desires. Louise, with your permission, I will conduct you from this scene.

Louise. I do not need assistance, Herman. Your arrival is rather unexpected, and as rude as unexpected. At another time I will meet you. Adieu. [Exit L. U. E.]

Herman. And this cursed Frenchman is my quarry ; I admire better game ; yet this is not my choice. I have provided for you sir, believing you to be a viper. I have constituted myself your executioner. You, by base machinations have destroyed my happiness. Now, I, in just return, demand of you an equal recompense. Here, I have the necessary implements, (producing rapiers from back of flat) to determine which, if either, survive to welcome victory. [Music] Come, do not delay ; I'm in no mood for idle [Count moves to speak] conversation ; your tongue hangs on oiled pivots, and you might persuade me to desist.

Count. Your rapiers are unnecessary; with this slight weapon I win the hour.

Music. Produces dagger from breast pocket; springs at Herman to stab him. *Jones* interferes with a chair.

Jones. I'll put the fellow in a refrigerator until he cools down.

Forces *Count* off "U. R."

Herman. Alas! alas! how sad the hour that but a moment since was fraught with joy! Swords, I have no use for you. [Throws rapiers back] Another, and more potent weapon I'll wield in my defense. (Sits at table as at opening of the scene; writes Louise farewell) I care not to meet you after this. It might have been otherwise, yet, now my course is fixed. Seek not to learn of what I do, or where I go. Farewell. (Rings bell; page enters C. D.) Take this to Miss Varney. (Throws thaler to page, who exits R. U. E. *Herman* C.) Farewell, farewell, Louise; and may your French lover live long in your possession. (Exit C.)

SCENE 2d.—Garden in (4). Enter *Benedetti* "R. 2d E." [enter aid to the King "L. 1st E."]

Benedetti "R." Your Royal Master, the King, has twice refused me audience when I as well he knows, am here for no unimportant purpose; his Imperial Majesty, you are well aware demands of Prussia's King a prompt reply to his Imperial Message.

Aid ["L. C."] Your excellency should not forget that our King has referred the message of his imperial majesty to the state department of our government at Berlin, and awaits advice from his counsellor's before favoring you with a reply. [Aid exits in rear of Ben R 3d E.]

Benedetti, ["Crossing to L"] My master commands me to brook no delay, and in deference to his wishes, I'll seek the King, to urge an immediate answer.

Music exits L, "2 D." *Music*, heavy dash, enter King in citizens dress, R, "1" to L, "4" wait. *Aid* enters R, "2 E," stops R, "C," [salutes King "C" King to aid.] Does the Count *Benedetti* still persist in seeking an interview with me.

Aid R, ["C"] Your Majesty, the minister left this garden, but a minute since for the avowed purpose of waiting upon you.

King.—Did you not say to him, that Napoleon's message had been referred to Berlin for counsel and reply.

Aid.—Your Majesty's action was made known to the Count *Benedetti*, yet he seems unsatisfied, and asks a private interview.

King.—That I cannot grant him. His presence here at this time is obnoxious to me. Seek the minister of his imperial Majesty and state to him, that the reply from Berlin will be forwarded to his government upon its reception here.

Aid R.—I will hasten to obey your Majesty's wishes, [exits R, "2 E."]

King C.—Why could not Napoleon send a man to represent his wishes, and not a thing that owls would scorn to blink at; I fear Napoleon designs to drag us into war. The French Throne now rests on slender stems, and fortunes wheel needs turn but one degree to cause those stems to totter and to fall. Full well the Emperor knows of how his people are but aliens to his state, and he will wring our country into combat, to bring unto himself a military reputation. Under the shadow of his uncle's glory, he thinks a conquest easy, and should he gain his point—[pause]. No! No! It will not do, to imagine it so.

Enter Benedetti "C" from "R," followed by Aid. Benedetti passes at the rear of King, to "L, C 2."

Benedetti, L.—Your Majesty. I crave your pardon for thus infringing on your privacy, but the interests of my government are in issue, and the duty of the hoar demands your presence as well as mine, in order that we together may discuss the delicate breach between our Royal Governments.

King C.—His Imperial Majesty's most excellent Agent, is aware of the action already taken in this matter, and if he heard aright my messages, he was instructed not to urge an interview. The course his Imperial Majesty pursues is one not calculated to insure an friendly adjustment of this grave difference.

Benedetti.—Our Majesty's action is alone for safety to his government. The French people, your Majesty knows are not too slow to discover trespass on their privileges, and though it may be premature, I will say, that should our diplomatic efforts prove unfruitful, stern necessity may demand that Rhenish Hills be drenched with german blood.

King C.—Does his Imperial Majesty venture such a prospect through you, His Minister.

Benedetti.—Should your Majesty's ultimatum be unsuited to the imperial taste, war will be the inevitable result.

King C.—A war with the French, [wait] his Imperial Majesty's Minister may retire—were I to deem it wise, I should be angry with you, [motion Benedetti off L.

Benedetti L.—Your Majesty will grant me time for further conversation.

King C.—The presence of his imperial Majesty's minister is unpleasant to me, therefore I must request that he retire.

Benedetti.—Your Majesty, I only do master's bidding; it is not I who would provoke your people unto war, and were it in my power I would set aside all tendency to combat. Yet I am here to ask, nay, demand of you an ultimatum. Twice my application for admission to your Majesty's presence has been returned to me unopened.

It is not the insult to myself, that I speak against, but the insult to a minister of his Imperial Majesty, sent here as you are well aware to represent a matter paramount to summer pleasure's.

King C.—Did his Imperial Majesty refer you here to dictate to me the course I should pursue.

Benedetti L.—Nay your Majesty, but simply to request, and if solicitations fail, to demand the perpetual withdrawal of Hohenzollern from the Spanish Throne.

King C.—I have notified Napoleon that this Spanish movement does not fully meet my approbation, and is not that enough.

Benedetti—I fear your Majesty, it is not enough.

King.—Then his Imperial Majesty must make his protest otherwise. I wish to hear no more, I do not invoke a conflict. Yet do not cringe at his imperial threats.

Benedetti.—Your Majesty, is this to be considered as shadowing your decision. It is imperative that I receive an ultimatum.

King C.—You have it—my aid will conduct the minister hence.

Benedetti—The service of your Majesty's aid-de-camp are not required. In obedience to his Majesty's request, the Minister will withdraw, and when I have retired, his Majesty can, and possibly may, realize and regret his hasty action. A nation second to none in the christian world awaits but my return to hurl her forces on your people.

(Salutes, exits L "I" "E." King indicates aid to retire. Exits L "U E."

King C. (in reverie,)—The simplest weapon, thrust at random, may change the destiny of a nation. The throne of feeble Spain must drive our country into war. I would it were not as it is, yet if the supreme power decides it so, then will our soldiers fix their bayonets for battle with the French. France is strong with overflowing army and ships of war. Yet were our sisters to lend a helping hand, no power of earth's dominions would suffer battle with us. I should not ask them to tender tribute to our cause (wait) and yet I have misgiving's. (Takes position in meditation.)

Music—Enter Bavaria, "R."

Bavaria.—Should our noble King feel weak he need's but ask his largest sister state to lend a helping hand; to have from her a part or even all her forces.

Enter—L, Wuertemburg.

Wuertemburg.—When Prussia moves against our common enemy Wuertemburg will follow in her footsteps, and with our bayonets fixed, will make a cordon round our king so strong that no force sublunary can dissolve it.

Enter—Baden, "R."

Baden "R"—Our sister States can do no more than echo Baden sentiments; our army is not large, yet, great or small as it may be, we only wait our King's command to march to Prussia's rescue.

Enter—Saxony, “L.”

Saxony—Saxony with Coburg and with Weimar unites with Prussia and our sister states to form a line of steel along our German border. Already, in anticipation of an early struggle, our troops are in the saddle with carbines charged and lances poised. They only bide the signal to strike.

Enter—“L.” Hesse Darmstadt.

Hesse D.—Hesse Darmstadt presents her compliments; and with her compliments presents her army—ever loyal—to our kindred states—though last to pay the tribute, yet first to welcome Prussia’s adopted measures.

Enter—Hesse Cassel, “R.”

Bavaria. Nay, sister, did not I first tender my support to Prussia’s King.

Omnes. And I; “and I;” “and I.”

Omnes. Aye, sister, did we not all stand here before you.

[All the states look at Hesse Cassel in anger.]

King. [Breaking the reverie.] Hark! my children, you must not break the bond so soon. Let us be united. Let no discord mark our movements. By common consent the band was wrought. Then harmony should characterize our slightest action. Now, children, listen unto me. Let nothing sever the Union we have made, and naught but sympathetic spirit pervade our serried ranks, and as a Union we will recognize but one superior potentate, and He—

MUSIC—King kneels “C;” removes hat and raises eyes to Haven. All the States kneel in position, remove crowns and look up with the King.

TABLEAUX.

MUSIC—“Coming events cast their shadows before.” SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—Wood and cut. Wood—Stage Dark; Music indicative of Solitude; Herman discovered sitting on log; L. C. opposite “2.”

Herman.—How oppressive this silence; No sound to hear save the echo of my own voice; How grim and drear those old hills seem to-night; How shall I employ my time; My Captain orders me to watch; if I felt that watching would be to me a life-long occupation; how soon I’d fructify the soil with this frail body; of all sublunary complaints ennui should rank first. To live a listless existence, is but slightly better than living not at all, [starts up, moves rapidly down (“C”)—seizes gun in right hand raises it to hurl from him.] (C). Curse this mechanical occupation; man is but the servant of capricious fortune; to-day we sorrow, to-morrow we in mirth indulge; and we do but feel that our finest wish is near its consummation,

[pauses.] When lo ! all doth pass away with the setting of a single sun. The one bright flower in life's sterile garden to which I gave an hour or two of daily culture was in an evil moment torn up by the very roots; and cast aside to be trampled on of man. False, fair and fickle, woman controls the helm of man's existence, and as she moves it to and fro our fortunes change for better or for worse. What vain desire to contend with fate; how frail the hope to change life's current; eagerly we look into the page of dim futurity, to find written their on that one blank word *despair*. [Goes L. then U. L. then C.] But this is no time for empty reverie. My fixed position as a soldier demands other and more fruitful pastimes; and so to fully represent the soldier, I'll take myself unto my lonely watch.

MUSIC.—Song of *Die Wacht am Rhein*. First stanza opened off, “L.” Herman retires up, “L” at opening of song. Flats are silently drawn on Tableau in circular setting—lights well down—no figures are seen at opening of song—as song advances, lights gradually open up until close: when the lights drop to burn fire at close of song.

Enter Louise “C.”

Herman advances down, “L.”

Louise C. Good night monsieur le soldier.

Herman. Is madam a friend and foe?

Louise. Monsieur is mistaken, it is Mam'selle.

Herman Well, then is Madamoiselle a friend or foe?

Louise. Neither, I am a friend to all combatants.

Herman. What does Madamoiselle here?

Louise. I have lost my way.

Herman. Madamoiselle is unfortunate.

Louise. Perhaps the soldier can give me direction, [aside.] It is Herman, a soldier; how metamorphosed.

Herman. Where does Madamoiselle wish to go?

Louise. To the 42d Regiment, Zouave Army of the French.

Herman. Madamoiselle can not pass the lines to-night.

Louise. Indeed, and why not Monsieur?

Herman. My orders, Vivandiere, are to permit no one to pass the lines.

Louise. Will not the guard pass a woman.

Herman L. I once loved a woman—she deceived me. I dare not trust you!

Louise. Deceived you brave soldier.

Herman “L. C.” Deceived me Vivandiere. I loved her truly, so fondly that no thought of treachery did ever cross my mind. Our troth was plighted. The day of wedding fixed, I hastened to the cherished spot, the resting place of her I loved; and found another at the shrine where I was wont to tarry. Fired with a purpose to wreak vengeance on my adversary, [for such he surely was to usurp the love I called my own.] I promptly called him to a pass with swords; aye, even forced a combat on him and, [pauses.] Par-

don the soldier, Vivandiere, I forgot myself. [Moving to "L."]

Louise. The soldier's story is not lost on the Vivandiere. [Herman crosses to R, at rear of Louise.]

Herman, (R.) I do not beg your sympathy.

Louise. My sympathy is purely voluntary.

Herman, [Aside.] That voice; the form; May it not be her. No! no. This guise would ill befit the Varney-Vivandiere. Let me look into your eyes; there, pardon me. You slightly reminded me of one whom I once called a friend.

Louise. Is not that one still a friend.

Herman, [R.] No.

Louise. And why is she not?

Herman, [R.] The Vivandiere must not ply me with questions, I am a soldier placed here to guard this point. The Vivandiere must retire.

Louise. I had rather remain.

Herman. I wish you to retire.

Louise. Do you command me to retire?

Herman. "R;" I do.

Louise. Then I go willingly. [Moving up "L," looking back at Herman.] (Aside.) I have found him. Now to protect him.

[Drops letter, exits "L," upper entrance.]

Herman. [C.] Confound these women; they only live to contaminate the little purity in man. [Picks up letter.] Aha, a letter—I think I know the hand upon this envelope. And what says the letter? [Tears the wrapper and reads.] "Herman: If you should wish to communicate with me, this trusty vivandiere will be to you a mail service. LOUISE." From Louise, the vivandiere—the postman. I fail to understand. Why does she not make it more tangible? She does not even repent her folly. At least she does not beg forgiveness. [Reads the letter again.] Fair Varney. I have no wish to write you; hence the labor of your postman is lost. I'll bide my time. [Exit L. U. E.]

Enter Count on Rocks dressed as an officer of the Turcos—coming down peering right and left in the woods.

Count. I have upon reliable authority received information that my quarry is in the Prussian ranks. If he is, then, I shall find it an easy matter to slay him in an unguarded moment. Long have I searched the picket lines in hope of meeting him; and yet I cannot find—[sees the letter] what! a letter? [Picks it up.] No, it is only a wrapper. [Turns it over.] How? To Herman R. This must have been addressed to my adversary. More; he may be posted near this point. He may have dropped it here himself. It must be so, else how came it here? All works well. I'll retire behind these rocks and wait. [Hides behind the rocks.]

[Enter Herman L. U. E.—coming down rests musket on his arm.]

Herman. It puzzles me; this letter from Louise. What purpose has she in writing to me?

[Music—Appears on a rock in the rear. Music.]

Count. (Aside.) It is he—now to repay him for his kindness.

[Enter. Handles holster pistol.]

Herman. Perhaps Louise has repented. Oh! Heaven, if she has.

MUSIC.—Count fires from rocks—draws sword and rushes on Herman, who reels and falls, L, C, above “2.”

Count. Now, Herman I am prepared to meet you. Herman raises partially to confront Count.

Count draws back to make sword thrust. Vivandiere runs in L, U, E, strikes up the Count's weapon— who retreats one step.

Louise. (Rapid). Stand back assassin!

Counts. Malediction, to be foiled by a woman, never! [Prepares to attack Vivandiere, when Louise drops sword and presents pistol.

Louise. Back or this bullet shall find a resting place in your foul body.

MUSIC.—Picture—Count R, Herman L, Louise C.



Scene (2.) Wood in 1. Enter Jones Jenkens R. with camp table and chairs,— small basket with table cloth.

Jones. Well now I am here. I suppose I am. This occupation of reporter is devilish uncertain. To take a ride in the country under certain circumstances is very pleasant; but to ride out on a cannon ball is not so agreeable by half; and this confounded weather is so fearfully hot, I'll remove my coat, [takes coat off.] Now, I feel better. [Puts coat on stage.] Now for a dinner. A genuine pic-nic dinner. This appears like a cool retreat. Quite a neat place withal. [Adjust table and stool, “C.”] Now for the set out. [Taking articles from basket.] First, a flask of wine. There's my bar—there is my bread. Bread is the staff off life. I adhere strictly to this staff. There's the butter. Now nothing lubricates mastication so well as butter. Butter, I should say was the oil of life. Next comes the cheese. This is English Cheese of a fine quality too. No lurking acrobats in this article. CAKE.—Now, if there is anything I do really admire it is cake. My Alsatian landlady is so fond of me, that she gives me all the market affords; and what is this— this article is rather repulsive. There must be some mistake; I like food well done, but this is done too well. [He carefully lays it back.] Now, everything is fixed, [Mock shudder.] I'll carry my basket off to some cool place. [Takes basket and carries it off right.]

Enter—Hurriedly L, 1st E, Officer of French.

Officer. Halloa! what have we here; a small hotel by present appearances. I'll take lodgings, [sits at table.]

Enter Jones Jenkens, R, 1st E, sees the French officer at the table looks surprised.]

Jones. Well I should say that is rather cool--

Goes up to table--shakes Officer by the shoulder.

I say is Monsieur stopping at this hotel.

Officer. I am.

Jones. [Taking note book from pocket] Will Monsier be kind enough to register.

Officer. How?

Jones. It is a strict rule with me that all my guests register before dining.

Officer. [Still eating.] I have no wish to register. I take the victuals by the right of war.

Jones. Monsieur's action might be considered theft.

Officer. [Jumping up, seizing Jones by collar.] Malediction! What does the Englishman mean. Who are you? How dare you disturb a warrior at his repast.

Jones. (Aside.) A warrior at his repast--that's too feeble.

Officer. Answer what do you here? who are you? Why should I not carry you to the French camp for a Spy.

Jones. My name is Jones Jenkins, [hands officer card.] My occupation is indicated on the card.

Officer. Is Monsieur Jenkins provided with a correspondent's letter.

Jones. He is?

Officer. I wish to see it!

Jones. [Taking large roll from his pocket.] Monsieur will find it here.

Officer. Monsieur Jenkins will be kind enough to read it?

Jones. Read it Monsieur. The letter is composed in English. Are you acquainted with that language [officer nods,] very well. Will the soldier return my dinner when he has been convinced that he has committed a wrong?

Officer. At another time, Monsieur will read the letter.

Jones. [Reads letter.] Is Monsieur satisfied.

Officer. The correspondents freedom shall not be hampered--adieu. [Exits R, 1, E.]

Jones. Adieu. The Frenchman was very kind to eat my luncheon and I so hungry. Well I must now return with an empty basket; also return with an empty stomach. This all comes of my being a reporter. I conceive a correspondent's position to be one entirely devoid of honor, fame or fortune. D, what you may, some one stands ready to kick at you. Suffer hair-breadth escapes, dare perils beyond description; and still you are not a hero, and why? simply because you are a nou-combataut. The most insignificant soldier may win undying fame by the simple thrust of a bayonet, while I might

ruin all the quills in existence before anybody--barring my tailor and my landlady--would know who I was or what my occupation. A plague on all such trades, say I. Halloa! whom have we here, [looking off, L.] a squad of Prussians as I live! Now, I suppose I shall be obliged to pass another ordeal, at all events, be they so disposed, they can't forage on me to-day.

Enter squad of Germans, R. 1st E.

Sergeant. Whom have we here?

Jones. I believe I am Jones Jenkins, Esq., although I have suffered so many changes of late that I can't say positively whether I am the same man or not.

Sergeant. Let me see your pass.

Jones. Certainly [takes out pass] reads: "To all detachments and posts of the Armies of combined Germany, pass Jones Jenkins, special war correspondent. BISMARCK."

Sergeant. The pass is genuine. I would advise the correspondent to leave this vicinity soon; as there are indications that the enemy design shelling these woods.

Jones. Very well?

Squad exits L, "E."

Jones. This is the way I have it; first from one side then the other; I propose to change the position. Now, I will war on both parties; if the French shell these woods, I'll shell them through the facile pen--[shell thrown on right.] Halloa! this won't do. Now for my cannon to return the compliment, [exit L, 1st E, in a hurry.

SCENE IIIRD.—The French camp before Woerth—Set tent for Napoleon in "C" well up stacks of Muskets, R, and L. Cross of the Legion of Honor on tent—hung with blue and red.

Enter Count, R. 1 E., excited.

Count. R. C. Curse my stupidity, why did I not run the woman through? But then I am not bullet proof; she held the pistol too close to be pleasant. Who was she? The introduction we were favored with was too brief to be of much benefit. Curse her! What has she got to do with Herman? I would have finished him but for her timely interference. I must learn more of her; meet her if possible, and acknowledge her kind attention.

Exit L. U. E. Music, Grand March. Bugle call for review. Troops file in at command of officers, Turcos, Zouave Troops of the line, &c., with the proper officers in attendance. Manual of arms by all troops. Bayonet exercise by Zouaves. Drum solo. After parade, rest of Zouaves. Music—“Marseillaise.” Troops for chorus. The tent is opened, and Napoleon steps out one pace. Removes shako at appearance of the Empereur. Omaes, “Vive la Empereur,” “Vive la France,” “Vive la Grand Armee.”

Napoleon. [To troops] Soldiers of France! to-day we meet the enemy on our mother soil, and let the result be a victory to our im-

perial arms. Do not apprehend the meeting, but summon up that courage to be found alone in Frenchmen. With well charged muskets and flashing sabres, we will drive the enemy before us like dust in the grasp of the whirlwind. Steel your hearts against mercy, and remember that you battle for the Empire and for France.

Omnes, "Vive le Empereur;" "Vive la Grande Armee;" "Vive la France." Music. Napoleon retires, with staff. R. U. E. Troops move off at command of officers. Music. Grand march. Tableau—"The Monarchs."

A C T I X.

SCENE FIRST—The King's headquarters. Marshaling of German Troops. Drill, as in Act Second, Scene Third. Partitioning of rations. German war song. Men in broken ranks. A German eudeshabile scene. Guard posted right and left. Pacing beat. Bugle call to arms. All take position. Music Inspection. Music. Heavy dash. Enter King, in full uniform, with staff, to review; Omnes, "Long live the King" [After review the King takes position U. C. R.

King. [To soldiers.] My sons, to day we meet the aggressor on the field of battle, and fear not, for a higher than earthly power is with us.

Enter little soldier of the line, L. 1 E. Salutes King.

King. C. And whom is this little man?

Little Soldier. [L. C.] Your Majesty, I am a Badeniser, come here to fight for Germany.

King. [Raising the little fellow in his arms] Germany can never be conquered while our little sons march out like this.

Puts boy on stage, L. C. Troops march off to music. The last soldier stoops and raises the little boy to his shoulders, and carries him off, R. U. E., after troops are off.

King. C. [To aid.] General, I wish to send a message to the General Von Steinmetz. Can you secure for me a trusty bearer?

General. I can; there is a man in my division whom one might trust with his very life; he is but a private in the ranks, born of noble family, and educated fit to fill a high position. Some domestic difficulty, I believe, drove him into the army. Young, noble and generous, he fears no foe.

King. Send him to me immediately. [General directs an aid to bring Herman in] General, what think you of the position of our army?

General. Your Majesty, I regard the situation as extremely favorable; our principle impediment will be the enormous field batteries of the enemy.

King. Cannot our artillery dislodge the enemy?

General. The position occupied by the enemy's artillery is not accessible to our pieces; our movement in that direction will be with the bayonet.

Enter Aid with Herman, who wears bandage around his head; appears pale from loss of blood.

Aid. [To General] Sir, I found this man as you directed. I presume you was not aware that he suffered a slight wound last night, while discharging the duties of vidette.

General. No sir, I did not know he had sustained any injury. My man, are you wounded badly?

Herman. No, General, but a trifling scratch.

General. His Majesty, the King, desires to transmit an important paper to the General Von Steinmetz, and demanded of me a trusty and efficient bearer for the same. I am aware of your fine qualities, and have selected you as a fit recipient for the honor.

Herman. Many thanks to you, General, for your kindly notice of myself; I await your order.

General. His Majesty, the King, will acquaint you with the nature of your errand.

King indicates to staff to retire, who exits R. 2 E. Vivandere appears at R. U. E. Recognizes King and Herman. Listens.

King. My son, this documents contains important orders to General Von Steinmetz. The soldier who accepts the responsibility of quick transmission must needs be very prudent, for on the carriage of this paper to the proper destination depends much; perhaps the result of the coming engagement.

Herman. Your Majesty will find in this ordinary soldier a faithful servant to your wishes.

King. Promotion awaits the safe transmission of this message.

Herman. Your Majesty will accept my thanks for this proffered kindness—yet I do not wish promotion.

King. Do you not wish to elevate youself above your present level?

Herman. Nay, your Majesty; I am a soldier for other than ambitious purposes. I am a soldier, perhaps, because I am nothing else. (Uneasy) I await your Majesty's order to withdraw.

King. [Moving R] The soldier may retire, but first let me recommend extreme vigilance and caution in this—your present undertaking.

King exits R. 2 E.

Herman. Now to fulfill my mission! (Stammers) This fearful pain in my head? How my heart throbs! My very life seems as though it was passing silently away! (Pause) It is over! I am myself! This trust must now occupy my attention.

Exit L. U. E. Vivandere comes down L., looking after Herman.

Vivandere. He has gone upon a fearful errand. He should not have been placed in this position; he is too ill. It is no trifling wound he bears, and then the perils of his journey! He must not go! He shall not go! If I can only secure the paper, I will carry it to the proper

destination myself. Yet, how can I obtain it from him? He is sworn not to part with it and live; still, I must secure this message by some process, fair or foul.

Exit after Herman. Enter General, with aid following R.

General. Sir, His Majesty directs you to detail a guard of espionage to follow the soldier just departed with the King's message. You are to instruct the guards to follow in his rear to the outer line of the pickets, and as far beyond as prudence may determine.

Aid. Sir, His Majesty's order shall be obeyed.

General exits R. I. E. Aid exits L. U. E.

SCENE SECOND.—Another part of the Prussian camp. Enter Herman L., in rough jacket and hat—disguised for his mission.

Herman. I have grave apprehensions for the safe issue of this venture. I feel so weak; my head reels at every advancing step; I fear I shall faint—(Staggers and presses hand to head.)

Enters Louise, R.; cautiously passing around.

Herman. The friendly Vivandere! To you I owe much—oh! [Presses hand to head.]

Louise. [Aside] How am I to get the message from him?

Herman. How may I repay you, Mamselle, for your great favor?

Louise. [Hesitatingly] If Monsieur would let me have that ring.

Herman. This ring, Mamselle, is from my mother; I could not part with it. Will nothing else suit, Mamselle?

Louise. [Sadly] Nay, Monsieur, nothing save that ring.

Herman. [Taking ring slowly from finger] Mamselle, shall have the ring. My head—[Presses hand to head.]

Louise. Monsieur le Soldier is pale; he is faint; he must have some stimulant; the soldier must drink. [Aside] Oh, if he should refuse!

Herman. I dare not take the wine. [Leans on Louise.]

Louise. The soldier must drink, or he will perish. This wine will give him more strength.

Herman. I must not.

Louise. Monsieur must.

Herman. Give me the wine, it may invigorate me. I drink. [Herman drinks.]

Louise. There; Monsieur will feel better shortly.

Herman. [Becoming intoxicated] I feel better, even now. Ha, ha, the fair Vivandere has saved me! That wine was excellent; most excellent to elaborate! It makes me feel sleepy! I am in a sea of wine! Wine in my eyes; champagne fizzing in my ears. I feel like a man; nay, I feel like a regiment! Vivandere! I say, Vivandere! you saved my life! I'm full of gratitude, Vivandere; I'm full—(drop "C." Music.)

Louise. Now, the message. Quick! I hear the tramp of the guard. (tramp outside L) Heavens! it is not here. There it is now. Herman, though I dislike this method of usurping your trust, yet it were better thus than that you should brave the perils of the mission.

Herman. (Broken) Fair Vivandere, I am full of gratitude; I am, fair Vivandere. The wine I drank was fine. I am full of gratitude; I'm full—(Drops into lethargy.)

Enter Jones Jenkins, R. 1 E., with traveling-bag.

Jones. R. This is the most unreliable climate in the universe. Its effect on the constitution is damaging. I sometimes feel as though—

Herman. I'm full of gratitude, Vivandere; I'm—

Jones. How now! Whom is this? (Examines Herman) As I exist! Its my chum Herman! And in this plight! What's the matter? I wonder if he is ill? Mayhap dead?

Herman. I'm full of gratitude, Vivandere, I'm full

Jones. There is no doubt of that. (In disgust) He is full of the gratitude, put up in bottles, well corked, and stamped champagne.

Herman. Fair Vivandere, you are my guardian angel.

Jones. What a wreck! I'll remove him hence. (Raises Herman, who takes him by the shoulders, stands off, and looks at him.)

Herman. Fair Vivandere, you are—ha, ha—its Jenkins! I do not see you distinctly! My eyes fail me! It looks like Jones. Jones, you have been drinking, don't deny it; take me away, Jones; put me in some cool place where I won't spoil.

Jones. How disgusting! Herman! Herman, I say—explain? How do I find you, after many months' search—why do I find you in this sad plight?

Herman. You found me Jones, because you did—you found me—

Jones. He is possessed now of about as much wit as a round-shot. I will take him away! How disgusting!

Moves off 2 L. Enter guard L.

Sergeant. Halt? Whom have we here? The messenger, intoxicated! [To guard] Take this man in charge, and conduct him to the camp. [Exit L 1 E.]

Jones. C. I have nothing more to say. Herman, the first of his class, the keenest of his fellows, to descend to an inebriate! What a wreck! One drop of the insidious fluid makes man a maniac! And yet how inviting the cursed cup! It cools in summer; animates in winter; drowns sorrow, and regulates joy. I never drink anything whatever. I am temperate in the use of everything, except pea sausage. Pea sausage is equally as dangerous as bad wine, or good wine either. I had rather be riddled with a twelve pound shot than have a roll of pea sausage flung at me in anger. [Exit R 1 E.]

SCENE 3—MUSIC.—The Battle-field of Woeith—Wood in "2"—Enter French squad of Turco, "R."

Sergeant. Men of the Grand Army you will take your position in yonder ravine—reserve your fire well,—to be used in picking off the artillerymen.

Exit squad L. 1. “E.” Exit Seargent, R. 1. “E,” sharp. Musketry fire L. Bombs at intervals. French squad retreats firing rapidly. Enter Officer with drawn Saber, R, 2 “E.”

Officer. Close up men, do not allow yourselves to be driven back, [rushes to L,] is shot, “C” staggers and falls L, R,—shouting, *Vive la France.* German run on “L” drive French off “R” at the point of Bayonet.

SCENE 4.—Wood (“4,” Breast-works from 3 to 4: Dark Stage brighten up during Engagement; Shells in profusion Music.—Stage clear; Men on both R. and L. shouting their Country’s War Cry. Enter Jones Jenkins, “L” with note Book and pencil.

Jones. (Writing.) What a fearful time, (*hurried*) both sides defeated, all the soldiers running about hither and thither, some dead, more dying, what a fearful seige, cannon balls everywhere, bombs in every direction; now for an item. [Jones receives shell at the bottom of waistcoat] I have it, now to retreat. [Exit “R. 2 E.”]

Enter French field Officers, take stage around the Marshal—Officer looking L, handing Glass to another.

Aid. [To first officer.] Sir, I fear our lines are wavering; look you with the glass—[First Officer takes glass, advances L.]

Field Marshal. [To Aid.] Have General McMartin advance his line to support the Division of General Thale, [*to aid*] command General Duparssey to close the fire of his batteries on the left, and to advance his artillery to the support of the center. [Sharp musketry fire L.] One staff officer shot, staggers and falls in the arms of Aid.

Field Marshal. Gentlemen, I think it were prudent that we retire behind the earthworks, [all exit R. “H. E.”]

Music.—Cannon run on L to C, by French wheel to face L; full business loading, &c.; Piece adjusted, man takes lanyard to discharge piece, when a shot is fired from L; The man at the lanyard drops killed; Germans run on L. At charge Bayonet; Artillery parry Thrusts; Artillerymen fight their way off, R.; Germans capture piece and run it off, L; French Zouaves pour over Earthworks and exit firing from Knee are driven back over earthworks by Germans with fixed Bayonets; German non-Commissioned officer mounts ramparts to plant his colors; Turco runs him through with Sabre; German Color-bearer drops over parapet; Turco is shot shouting “*Vive la France*;” German and French shout “long live the King” and “*Vive la France*;” Engagement becomes general; Shells in profusion; Combat hand to hand, selected soldiers of both armies fall and lay on stage; other less severely wounded stagger off; Flag of truce brought on by French officer; Bugler with flag of Truce; All soldiers stand in attitude to support picture.

Music—Tableau—The march of the Landwehr.

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.—Music, “Mother, is the Battle Over ?”. After the battle wounded of both armies, R. L. and C. Cannon dismounted, U. R. Guns, swords, accountrements, &c., lying about in disorder. Bivouac down R. Time, night. Stage dark. Gradually lights up. Surgeons, L. and C., kneeling among wounded, examining same, bandaging, &c. Enter aid, L. 1. E.

Aid. [To surgeon, C.] Are all the wounded cared for ?

Surgeon. [Looking up] All, save the poor fellows whose hurts place them beyond recovery. Here is a Turco within a minute of eternity.

Turco R. cries for water. All wounded exhibit signs of distress. Surgeon raises Turco with R arm, and places flask to his lips. Turco swallows a few drops. Pushes flask away. Shouts feebly: “Vive la France,” “Vive la Empereur.” Falls back on surgeon.

Surgeon. [To aid.] He is gone, brave soldier. (Lays Turco back on stage.

Music. Enter King and staff with uncovered heads, L. U. E. Music change to funeral dirge, piano.

King. Alas! alas! that my sons should perish thus. Who will attempt to depict the future, when a word of one poor syllable can hurl nations into combat.

Omnes—seeing the King on field, shout: “The King! the King! Long live the King.” The King bows his head on breast in silence; turns to R to weep.

Soldier. R. My mother—when I die—oh, my mother.

King. [Kneels D. C. Raises soldier on L arm] My son, fear not for the welfare of your mother. Germany never forgets her defenders. [All wounded carried off on stretchers.]

Omnes—“Long live Germany! Long live the King.” Exit King slowly R. U. F.

Louise. (Enter the Vivandere, R. 2 E. Goes L., kneels to bandage head of wounded soldier) Where, where is Herman? His regiment share^d the battle, yet I cannot find the position. [Picks up helmet C., reads] 179th regiment of the line, Company A. [Shudders] This is of his very regiment and company. [Soldier, L. yells for water. Vivandere goes to him, and draws a cup of water from barrel. After soldier has drank] Brave soldier, of what regiment are you? Of what company?

Soldier. Kind Vivandere, of the 179th troops of the line, company A.

Louise. [Eagerly] Herman’s comrade! [Holding picture to soldier] Brave soldier, do you recognize those features?

Soldier. I am no stranger to those features. This man was once my comrade, but no comrade of mine now. Curse him! (hurls picture away) Curse him! (Falls back.)

Louise. [Astonished, springing up] What do you mean, soldier, by such conduct? Pardon me, brave soldier, why do you curse him?

Soldier. The Vivandere must not know; he is no comrade of mine.

Louise. Was he not in the battle? Was he wounded? Was he killed?

Soldier. Neither in the battle, nor was he killed, nor was he wounded; curse him.

Louise. Tell me, I pray you, soldier, what has Herman done that you should malign him?

Soldier. Listen, Vivandere, I will tell you. [gasps for breath] Listen! Closer, Vivandere, lend your attention. [Pause]

Count. [Enter at back L; full Turco dress. Aside] It is she. Vivandere, I have tracked you here to repay you for a little interest you once manifested in my behalf. Long have I searched for you to find you here. For fear I endanger my welfare, I'll retire and wait. [Goes off L.]

Soldier. You have the statement, Vivandere, do you not think he should be condemned?

Louise. I fear he should. [Enter litter to carry soldiers off. Exit L. 1 E.] Herman in danger, and I the cause of all! Oh, heavens, how heavy the load I bear! Can I not free him? They will not condemn him to die when they know that he is innocent, and I the guilty one. I will seek his keepers, tell to them my story, command them to release Herman, and visit the punishment on me, not him. [Goes up to C, meets Count, who has come on during speech.]

Count. Stay, Mam'selle.

Louise. [Aside] The Count! How will I escape him?

Count. Mam'selle most likely recognizes me.

Louise. Oh heavens! (Aside) Should he know me! No, he can not; he does not. [To Count] What does Monsieur wish?

Count. I remarked that it was possible that Mam'selle and I had met before. My object now is to perpetuate the acquaintance. The first introduction was so very brief that it is barely possible that Mam'selle has quite forgotten me; I have not forgotten Mam'selle.

Louise. (Aside) Mercy! What does he intend? [To Count] Monsieur will be kind enough to explain.

Count. [Insinuatingly] Certainly, Mam'selle, if Mam'selle will only give me time.

Louise. Monsieur, I perceive that you wish to decoy me into conversation. I am in no mood for idle colloquy. Monsieur will be kind enough not to insist. [Goes to cross to R.]

Count. [Interserring] Mam'selle will be considerate enough to tarry.

Louise. I have no desire to hear Monsieur's story; he will not detain me.

Count. Mam'selle must remain; I insist upon it. [Laying his hand on Vivandere's R shoulder]

Louise. I cannot remain; release me, Monsieur.

Count. You shall not go; you shall hear me. Once, not long ago, you baffled a slight effort of mine, and I am desirous of requiting your little service.

Louise. Unhand me, sir; what would you do?

Count. Ha, ha, Mam'selle becomes frightened. She should not be. Monsieur will do her no harm; he merely wishes to protect her. Mam'selle will accompany me to the French quarters.

Louise. L. Accompany you to your camp? How dare you sir? Leave me, insolent Monsieur, or I will call the guard.

Count. [Springing toward Louise] You shall not go.

Louise. [Raises bugle to lips and calls; guard rushes on in rear of Count] Seize that man; bind him fast, and carry him to your camp.

Count. Malediction! Confusion seize her? [Rushes at Louise; guard restrains him.]

Louise. Carry him away.

Picture--Count R. C., Louise L.

SCENE SECOND.—Wood scene in first. Enter King with staff, L 1 E. Enter aid to King, R 1 E.

King. Have you given orders to convene a court-martial?

Aid. I have, Your Majesty.

King. And they will proceed to try the prisoner?

Aid. They will, Your Majesty.

King. What are the charges laid against the soldier?

Aid. Negligence, drunkenness, and treason.

King. Treason? [In surprise]

Aid. Treason, Your Majesty, in conveying to the enemy the message directed to the General Von Steinmentz.

King. R. How it grieves me to have this brave soldier pass this ordeal; yet discipline demands it so. We cannot retract our solemn vows to adhere to fixed laws; and yet, how strange the case we have to act upon. I dislike to have him perish for simple indiscretion.

Aid. Perhaps, Your Majesty, developments may made before the court-martial, showing the prisoner's innocence.

King. It is possible. [Indicates staff to retire. Goes to R. 1 E. This soldier, as a messenger, lost the dispatch; yet when or how, none can tell. He does not even know himself. The document must have been delivered to the General Von Steinmentz, but who was the bearer? It is strange. [Exit L.]

SCENE THIRD.—Chamber in 4. Court Martial. Discovered.

President. Gentlemen, the court martial is open. [To orderly L] The court awaits the prisoner. [Orderly exits L. 1 E. Herman is brought on L 3 E. Herman takes position down L] The guard may

retire. [Guard files out L 1 E.] The Judge Advocate will read the charges against the prisoner,

Judge Advocate. (Rising) Gentlemen, the charges are three in number: First, neglect of duty, in failing to perform the functions of messenger to the King. Second, indiscretion unbecoming a German soldier, in the free use of wine. Third, treason, in conniving with the enemy to disable the movements of our forces. These, gentlemen, are the charges in brief against the prisoner.

President. Soldier, you have heard the charges made against you in this tribunal; what have you to say, are you guilty or not guilty, as charged?

Herman. To the first charge, I acknowledge guilt; likewise to the second; to the third, not guilty.

Judge Advocate. Soldier, perhaps you speak unwittingly. You were honored with a high trust—a trust imposed upon you by your King—the importance and delicacy of which were fully explained to you. You depart upon your errand of transmission; the guard of espionage followed near you, and come upon you lying in the environs of our camp stupefied with liquor; they search you for the paper of the King's, and fail to find the same; diligent search of the grounds through which you passed was made, with the hope of currying the message; all efforts to recover the document, however, were futile; it was gone. Had you lost it, it must have been recovered immediately; hence, the only plausible conclusion to be arrived at was that you had conveyed to the enemy (by process unknown to this court martial) the paper placed upon your person for delivery to General Von Steinmentz.

Herman. The statements, sir, except the last, are all true, so far as I am cognizant. That I suffered myself to be prostrated by wine, is undoubtedly so; yet, I swear to you that I am guilty no farther. The details of how I became intoxicated, and subsequently lost the King's message, are reserved from the court martial.

Judge Advocate. If the soldier fully realizes his delicate position, he will reserve nothing from the hearing of this tribunal.

Herman. The circumstances attending the error would weigh nothing in my defense; nay, I fear they would have but a tendency to condemn me. I have no fear of the punishment my alleged offense merits, yet I cannot allow guilt to the third charge. The King gave into my hands a paper to be conveyed right quickly to his excellent coadjutor, the General Von Steinmentz; that message, to me, was dearer than life for I place no value upon a barren existence—and mine is certainly no more. As a soldier and a servant of our potent King, I was sworn to heed his mandates; to bend my inclinations to his will; to mould my desires in strict accordance with the set model. As a man, I was reared to regard a promise too sublime to be fashioned in frivolous conversation; too binding to be abrogated with the slightest turn of events; hence, when I did accept the

trust from the King, my master, I was in duty bound to my sovereign and myself, to diligently further his wishes. Now, with your kind permission, I will proceed to a more formal defense. Sir, you need but read the note I hold to convince the Court that I am not guilty of the third charge. Touching the first and second charges, I have acknowledged guilt, and therefore wish to place no obstruction to proper action on them.

Judge Advocate. [Reads the note in surprise] Gentlemen of the court martial, this communication places information before us which, if true, carries the third charge against this soldier beyond all controversy. With your attention, gentlemen, I will read it aloud. [Reads:] "Herman: The writer begs forgiveness for surreptitiously securing the King's message. Naught, however; was lost by it; and much was gained. Had I permitted you to hazard the perils of the mission, death, at the hands of the enemy, would, most likely, have been the result. Repose your troubled mentality, when I swear to you that the message was securely carried to its proper destination.

L—.

An Officer. [Rising] Sir, we do not know but what this is a subterfuge.

President. Perhaps the soldier can give us information as to the probable writer.

Herman. Sir, I know not who may be the author of that note. It was handed to me as I came in, by one of my keepers, without a word of explanation. The writer may be known to me.

An Officer. If the soldier could furnish a clue as to the possible authorship, it would be conducive to his interests.

Herman. That, gentlemen, I cannot do.

President. Gentlemen, you have the prisoner's statements; you have heard the confession of liability to the first and second charges; you have also heard the denial of liability to the third charge. As the soldier is unable to adduce evidence to show non-liability to the third charge, it will not become you to lay great value on his simple statement. The case is now placed in your hands for decision, and if, in justice to our Government, you can adjudge the prisoner innocent of military crime, upon my position, I wish you to do so; if not, if you conceive him to be guilty, then, in strict accordance with the laws, you will find him guilty. [To guard] You will remove the prisoner.

Herman. Gentlemen of this tribunal: It does not become me to sue for mercy. I do not expect it at your hands. You, as I might have been, are placed here to make decision without the slightest bias; yet, I swear to you, gentlemen, I am not guilty of the third charge.

Exit with orderly, between the guards. Orderly returns and takes position L, opposite 2.

President. Gentlemen of this court-martial: In your opinion, is

the soldier guilty or not guilty? I wish no consultation, but to hear from each particular one his own untrammelled decision.

Judge Advocate. Please call the roll. [Orderly, "L.", calls each officer's name and rank, with the question of "guilty, or not guilty," as follows:

Orderly. Major Mayers, Captain Dunhohen, Captain Geisselden-senderfer, Captain Blumenthal, Captain Schurz. [Each officer replies "guilty."]

President. This, gentlemen, is your verdict?

Officers. It is.

President. [To orderly] Recall the prisoner. [Guard brings on Herman, L.] Soldier, you have been found guilty of the charges laid against you. It now becomes my solemn duty to condemn you to early execution. Soldier, I would it were otherwise. It tears my heart to pass sentence upon you, yet my duty makes it imperative. I pity you, young soldier; I pity you more than another might, for I myself am blessed with a son; a youth of near your age, and I feel that it is possible that he might suffer a doom like yours. How soon fate may place him before the military tribunal none can tell. Yet, I forget my trust, soldier, in strict accordance with the military laws bearing upon court martial decisions, I shall condemn you to die at early sunrise. [Turns aside in sorrow.]

Music. President crosses to L, grasps Herman's hand and parts, crossing to R. All members of the Court follow; Judge Advocate last. Picture—officers R.; President C, Herman L. Tableau before and after.

A C T V.

SCENE 1. Music.—Prison in 3; Herman in attitude of despair at lights down. Table "L." Door in flat, "C." Enter soldier with tray vienuals, "C." (stage dark,) 4 o'clock in the morning.

Soldier. I have brought the prisoners breakfast.

Herman. What is the hour.

Soldier. Well nigh four o'clock.

Herman. When does the sun rise?

Soldier. At five exactly?

Herman. But one hour to live—leave me, I wish no food—I would only waste good substance to eat within an hour of eternity.

Soldier. I pity you, comrade—do you not feel hungry?

Herman. No, I wish nothing—leave me kind soldier. [Soldier exits "C" with Tray, drops knife "C."] But one hour—one trifling measure of sixty minutes twixt nature and myself,—an ignominious death to be the termination of this brief career—already I feel my heart throb slower, my pulsations grow less—my head reel (starts up,) would that I were provided with means to end a useless existence, (sees knife catches it up,) ah! fate eaters to my fancy—I have

it—with this simple weapon, I can defy even time itself, (raising knife to strike pauses; throws knife down.) No man is made for a better purpose. [Enter keeper, "C, D" in "F."]

Keeper. Soldier, a lady asks permission to wait upon you?

Herman. (At table standing.) How many minutes before the hour of execution?

Soldier. About fifty, soldier.

Herman. Fifty minutes—the woman can do me no harm—be kind enough to show her in. [Exit keeper.]

My love for a woman was at evil time converted into hate—yet I will meet the lady pleasantly. [Enter keeper showing on Louise in dark costume veiled.]

Keeper. (To Louise.) I leave you with the prisoner. [Exit keeper "C."]

Herman. My fair visitor will understand that my time in this mundane sphere is very short,—scarce three-quarters of an hour hence, the lady will make her interview limited.

Louise. The brave soldier's condemned to die?

Herman. The lady loses time to tell me that?

Louise. Pardon brave soldier, I am here not to waste your time, but to improve it; have you no message to leave for your friends.

Herman. Friends, I have none; the word disgraces the calender?

Louise. Not one, perhaps a lady, possibly one whom the soldier's loves?

Herman. Hark! the lady wots not of which she speaks—I did love a lady once—I do not love her now—she deceived me—yet, pardon lady—it were well I knew my interviewer?

Louise. I fear to discover myself to the soldier?

Herman. Nay, the soldier's life is too short to indulge in further folly?

Louise. (Extending hand.) Perhaps the soldier recognizes this ring.

Herman. That—that ring, let me look closer at it,—you are the Vivandiere.

Louise. The soldier speaks truly.

Herman. To you I am indebted for this early termination of my unfruitful existence,—still I do not wish you harm, for what you did for me, I trust was in all kindness, yet your trifling cup of wine has worked a wonderous change,—no matter life is utterly devoid of happiness for me. I fear not to die! indeed I welcome it.

Louise. Do not speak so, you wound me; you must not die; you shall not; the wine I gave you was drugged; made so to insure an immediate stupor; I did it for a purpose; that purpose was to save you from the perils of your mission; I purloined the dispatch, it was I who carried the same to its proper destination; it was I who wrote the note you have, explaining all. Oh! sir, (dropping on knee), I pray you let me seek the King; implore him for your release

and consign me to the mercy of the Court-Martial, for I alone am guilty.

Herman. Why did not Mam'selle appear in my defence before the Count; she seems to feel an interest in my welfare; why did she not present herself before.

Louise. Oh! sir, I did not anticipate this, I did not know the danger I led you into, upon the battle-field, well unto the night, I learned all, I hurried to the court-room, all was silent with the stillness of death; a kind soldier did there tell me of your sentence, of the hour of execution; of your present resting place; I came, all else you know.

Herman. Yes, I know the rest, what more does Mam'selle wish.

Louise. To hasten to the King and secure your release.

Herman. (Lady.) That is impossible.

Louise. (Quickly.) Why?

Herman. The King is many miles away; my hour of execution five, it lacks but twenty minutes of the time; your kindness is appreciated fair lady; yet, your efforts can avail nothing, you have my thanks, however.

Louise. Mercy, can I do nothing?

Herman. Nothing Mam'selle!

Louise. Oh! heavens, can no one stay the hour of execution.

Herman. None save the King; he alone retains the power?

Louise. Then I will fly to him—

Herman. Mam'selle wastes breath. The King is far from here—no power save heaven can interfere twixt me and my fate,—Mam'selle should then perceive it useless for her to attempt, (Louise sobs audibly,) and now Mam'selle may retire,—I live scarce fifteen minutes, (lights at back—Herman points to window,) already the sun begins to rise (pause) let me look once more on the fair face that brought me here—then, adieu?

Louise. The soldier's must not detain me, I dare not unveil!

Herman. It is the only favor I can ask; surely the lady will permit me to view her fair features once more. (Louise "C" removes veil, Herman starts.) Louise, the Vivandiere.

Louise. (Turning to door, "C.") It is so Herman, adieu. [Passes out "C."]

Herman. [Moves to C. Enter keeper, "C."]

Keeper. Soldier, it lacks but fifteen minutes of full sunrise. The soldier will prepare for execution. [Music, dead merch.]

Herman. Hark! [music louder.] It is my funeral knell, my comrades are already preparing for my death.

Keeper. The soldier will prepare,

Herman. My preparations are all made. [Takes packet.] This packet is properly directed, see you that it reach its destination.

Keeper. All the soldier's wishes will be complied with. [Takes packet.]

[Enter guards and bind Herman.]

Herman. The last chapter nearly complete, but one more stroke of time and all is over. [Music, louder.] [Guards prepare to move off with Herman.]

Keeper. Farewell! farewell, brave soldier. [Exit "C."]

SCENE 2. Music—Dirge; The execution ground; Wood in 4; Enter file of soldiers, officers in front, file down, "R." to position; Enter Orderly, L, 1 E, crosses to "R," give packet to officer of firing squad.

Officer (Breaking seal.) The Kings seal—[reads.] The hour of execution is five, distinctly note the strokes of the neighboring clock, when the hands reach the hour and the bell tolls five you will fire. [Folds packet.]

[Enter King and staff, R. 1. E. take position, U. "C."]

Officer. Bring in the prisoner. [Exit Orderly.]

[Enter guards with Herman, L. 1. E.]

Officer. Your Majesty, the hour lacks but five minutes of completion.

King. Soldier it grieves me to see one of my sons perish thus; yet the stern necessities of war demands it so. [To soldiers.] Recognize in this comrades fate, an example, that to trespass is to die. [Dirge louder.] Moves to exit R. 1. E.

Officer. Now men—ready—aim—[clock strikes one.] Louise runs on R. 1. E. throws herself before the King.

Louise. Your Majesty—stay, do not, do not, [falls exhausted R. C., Clock strikes two.]

MUSIC.—Noise outside "let me pass," clock strikes three.

Enter aid to Steinmetz.

Aid. The King! The King! [Fall L C.]

King seizes paper, tears seal, and reads rapidly. Officers ready. Clock strikes four.

King. Hold! [Music] Can you identify the bearer of the message to the General Von Steinmetz?

Aid. I can. (Louise crosses to Aid and kneels looks up at him.) Your Majesty this is the Woman.

King. Unbind the prisoner. (Soldiers unbind the prisoner.) All is well—soldier you are saved,—to this young lady, [pointing to Louise.] You owe the danger, to this officer, (pointing to Aid.) You owe the delivery—and now I can do no more save this, (places Louise's hand in that of Herman.) May heaven sanction this, my action. [Herman embraces Louise.]

Herman. Louise, to you and this comrade I owe much, but to his Majesty the King, our noble King—I owe more. [Enter Jones hurriedly, R. U. E.]

Jones. (Quick.) How's this—Herman is he dead. No? Then I live to embrace him once more. [Moves to cross to Herman, officer restrains him.] End of scene.

Scene 31.—Street in 1. Music, March; Enter Prussian troops at shoulder: French troops alternately without arms, L. 1. E. cross to R. Repeat, exit R. 1. E.

Count. (R. looking back and around in anxiety. Disheveled hatless, &c.) Curse my fool hardiness, what evil spirit tempted me to the battle field, only to be made a captive. No matter, I have now no time to waste in reproaches on myself. I must make safe my escape from the cursed German lines—then fly to Paris, from thence to America. Why should I remain when all my plans have been held up to me to look at, after all my earnest attempts to crush Herman; he still lives to embrace the Varney as his own. All my honest efforts in their behalf have failed. Now, naught remains but for me to take myself carefully away. (Moves to C. noise outside.) Aha! they have set the hounds upon the trail; wits to work, how may I elude my pursuers. I have it. I'll poinard the guard who stands at yonder angle, appropriate his uniform and pass the lines. [Noise outside, R.]

Count (L. looking, R.) They are near at hand. Now to defeat them. [Runs off to L. is checked by Jones Jenkins, who enter L. 1. E.

Jones (In surprise.) As I exist its the Frenchman. Count regards Jones with mingled surprise and animosity. [Enter file of soldiers R. at double quick.]

Sergeant Our prisoner—seize him men. [Soldiers pinion Count.]

Count, C. (In hate.) Adieu! Cursed Englishman! Adieu?

Jones. (Looking off R.) I happened here just in time, if I had not the Frenchman might have hurt himself. What a bilious fellow he is; but will forget him when we think of how. Alls well that ends well—so speaks the renowned William, but I say—alls well that ends better. Herman made a narrow escape—and all because he loved a woman—ha! ha! what a fearful situation to contemplate—we will not think of it—I shall not for one. I am going home—I have written my last line—and sealed my last letter—no more war correspondent, I am too well done—I shall retire from this very precarious situation to pursue my even course as, yours truly, Jones Jenkins. Adieu! [Exit R. 1. E.]

Music.—Tableau—The Victors Feast. The Unification of Germany. The Apotheosis.

"The Guard on the Rhine,"

A MILITARY ALLEGORY

OF THE

German-Franco War,

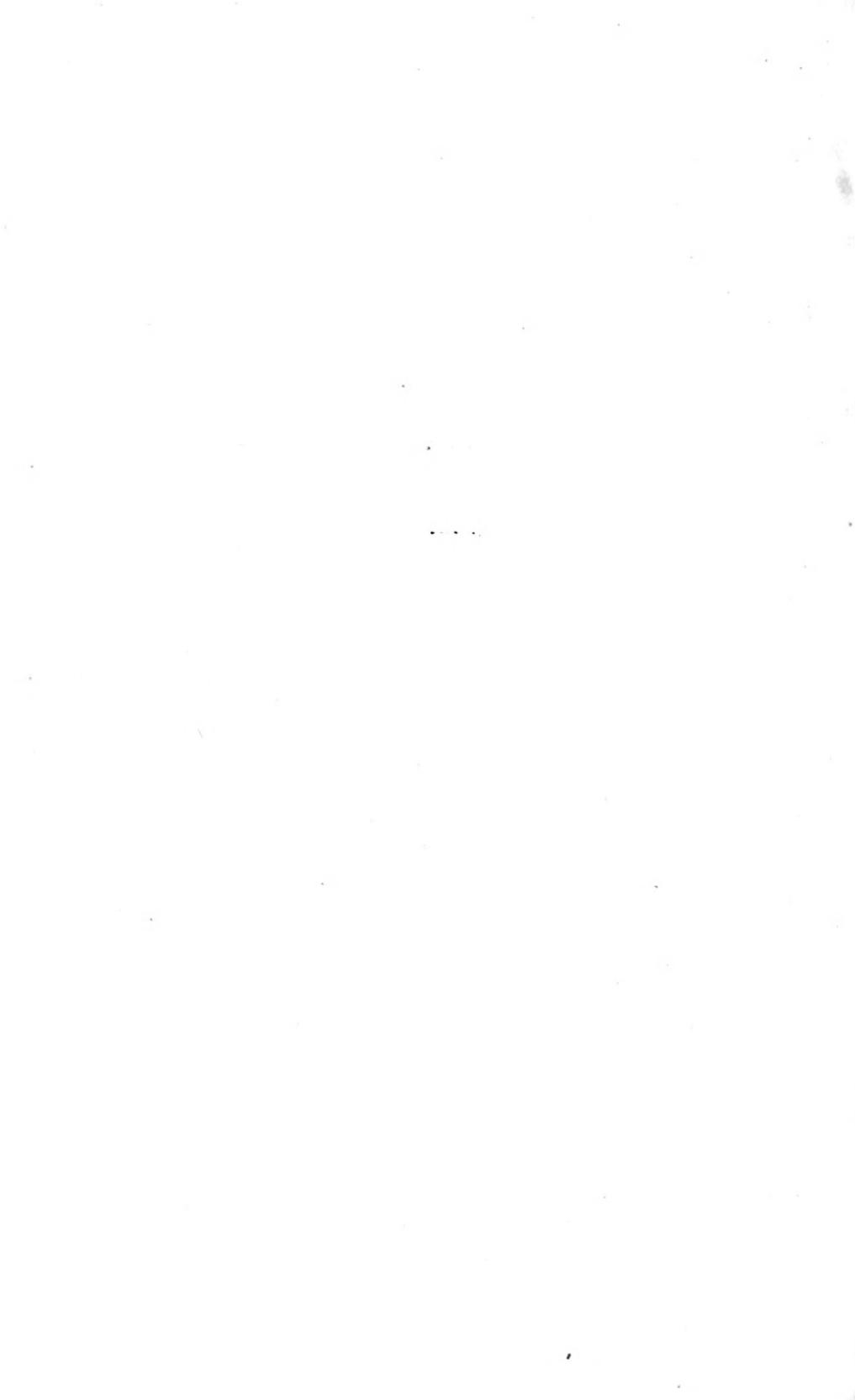
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